

# The Daily Mirror

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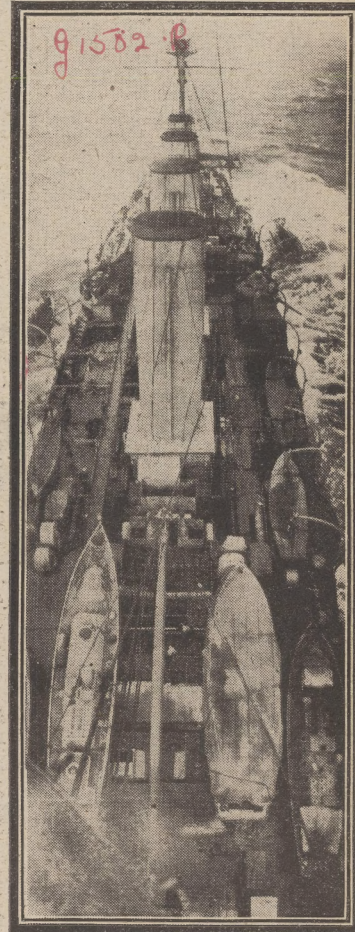
One Penny.

## THE GERMANS BREAK ANOTHER PLEDGE

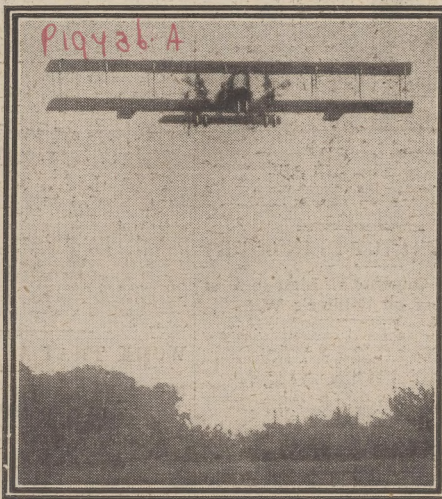
## NOVEL VIEW.



H.M. hospital ship Rewa, which, said the Admiralty yesterday, was torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel on January 4 on her way home from Gibraltar. All the patients were saved, and there were only three casualties among the crew. By this cowardly act the German Government has torn up another scrap of paper.



The deck of H.M.S. Good Hope. The photograph calls to mind Euclid's definition of a straight line, length without breadth.



After making a beautiful flight at Langley, Virginia, one of the largest of the famous Caproni aeroplanes became unmanageable at an altitude of 1,000ft. and fell towards earth at a terrific speed, but, thanks to the skill of the pilot, Lieutenant Silvio Resnati, Italian Flying Corps, none of the fifteen passengers was injured. Photographs, the pilot and the machine in flight.

## DECORATIONS FOR HEROIC CHAPLAINS—FAMOUS AIRMEN WIN FURTHER HONOURS



Lieut. (Temp. Capt.) William Avery Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., the Canadian airman, bar to D.S.O. He has destroyed 45 machines in five months.



Captain William Barneley Allen, V.C., M.C., R.A.M.C., bar to M.C. Although seriously gassed, he continued to perform his duties with the greatest devotion.



Capt. Philip Fletcher Fullard, awarded a bar to his M.C. He has destroyed no fewer than 42 machines and has earned the title of "Wizard of the Air."



The Rev. Mervyn Saxelbye, Evera, bar to M.C. He attended to the wounded regardless of personal danger and cheered up all whom he met.



The Rev. Arthur Stafford Crawley, formerly chaplain to the Archbishop of York, bar to M.C. He never hesitated to expose himself when assisting wounded.



2nd-Lieutenant Clive Wilson Warman, M.C., R.F.C., awarded D.S.O. Surrounded by twenty machines, he fought his way home with his pistol.



## TWO MEN "DOWN" 87 GERMAN PLANES.

More Honours for British Air "Stars."

### VISCOUNT "CARRIES ON."

Two British flying men—one of them has gained the Victoria Cross and both the D.S.O. and the Military Cross—have brought down 87 German machines.

It is a great and proud achievement and in the *London Gazette* last night it was announced that more honours had been conferred upon the daring and victorious pilots.

The names of these heroes of the air are Lieutenant (Temporary) Captain W. A. Bishop, D.S.O., M.C., and Temporary Captain Philip Fletcher Fullard, M.C.

Bishop, who has "downed" forty-five foe planes and who is a Canadian, has just been awarded a bar to his D.S.O. Captain Fullard, who has been given a bar bar to his M.C., is twenty and is one of the British air "stars." He has been flying in France for about six months and during that time he has "downed" thirty-two enemy machines and three balloons.

Here are the "records" of the two men as set out in last night's *Gazette* in explanation of their new honours:

**Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) W. A. Bishop.** He has destroyed no fewer than forty-five hostile machines within the past five months.

His consistent dash and great resources have got a magnificent example to the pilots of his squadron, states the *London Gazette*.

He frequently attacked enemy formations single-handed, and on all occasions displayed a fighting spirit and determination to get to close quarters with his opponents which have earned the admiration of all in command with him.

**Temporary Captain Philip Fletcher Fullard, D.S.O., M.C., General List and R.F.C. (Bar to M.C.)**

He has on many occasions displayed the utmost dash and fearlessness in attacking enemy aircraft at close range and in destroying at least eight hostile machines during a period of about ten days.

### ATTACKS WITHOUT ARTILLERY.

**Captain and Brevet Major (T.) Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald Victor Wilmut Hill, D.S.O., Royal Irish Fusiliers. (Second bar to D.S.O.)**

Attacked the enemy to gain high ground that was of great tactical importance. Mainly owing to his personal gallantry and leadership the attack, which had to be conducted without artillery help of artillery, was successful, and the position won.

**Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel (T.) Lieutenant-Colonel Bertie Gordon Clay, D.S.O., D.G. (Bar to D.S.O.)**

By his prompt and decisive action at a critical moment high ground of great tactical importance was won, and the success of the attack (which had to be conducted without artillery) was mainly due to his personal gallantry and ability with which he led his battalion.

**Captain (T.) Lieutenant-Colonel Lionel Hugh Knightley Finch, D.S.O., Cheshire Regt. (Bar to D.S.O.)**

Led survivors of an assault with brilliant initiative and utmost gallantry in an attack on an enemy strong point, which, captured, killing or taking prisoner all the garrison.

**Captain and Brevet Major (A.) Lieutenant-Colonel John Standish Surtees Prendergast, Viscount Gort, M.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., Grenadier Guards. (Bar to D.S.O.)**

Although his twice in the shoulder by the bursting of a shell and in great pain, he refused to leave his battalion, and superintended the consolidation.

### TANK CAPTAIN GASED.

**Captain (T.) Major Edward Daniel Bryce, Tank Corps. (D.S.O.)**

Although gassed and twice knocked over by shells, he continued to charge and walking in front guided his tanks to their positions. Two days afterwards, although still suffering from the effect of gas and partially blinded, he commanded his company in action.

**Major the Hon. Walter Edward Guinness, M.P. (D.S.O.)**

He remained on an exposed position for two days, keeping in close touch with the situation under continuous shell fire, and by his prompt action on his own initiative saved at least one counter-attack.

A bar to the Military Cross has also been awarded to Captain W. B. Allen, R.F.C., M.C., R.A.M.C., who, although seriously gassed, performed his duties with the greatest devotion and gallantry.

## RIVER FROZEN OVER.

Country in the Throes of an "Old Fashioned" Winter.

Arctic weather holds Britain in its grip.

More snow fell yesterday, a blizzard raged in the north, and in some parts of Lincolnshire as many as 24deg. of frost were registered. In London there were 18deg.

Skating is now general, and in the Thames Valley, notably at Broadwater and Chertsey, there was some fine sport yesterday.

The River Derwent is frozen over, and at Rainsgate sport winter was cracked by the frost. On many country roads snow-ploughs had to be used yesterday.

At Whorlton (Northumberland) the body of a woman, apparently frozen to death, has been found.

Snow in Bethlehem.—There has been stormy weather in Palestine, says a Reuter cable message, and snow has fallen in Bethlehem.

## RAID SOUND SIGNALS.

To Be Used from Half an Hour Before Sunrise to 11 p.m.

LONDON'S NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

With a view to removing any misapprehension that may exist as regards the form in which the public will get the warning to "Take cover" when an air raid is deemed imminent, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police has issued a statement of the chief points of which are—

**Sound Signals.**—From half an hour before sunrise until 11 p.m. sound signals will be fired in the Metropolitan Police district from 115 selected centres.

**"Take Cover."**—From 11 p.m. until half an hour before sunrise sound signals will not be fired, if there is time to send round regular and special constabulary on foot, on cycles and in motor-cars, carrying illuminated placards, who will sound their whistles and call out "Take cover."

If this staff cannot be mobilised in time, sound signals will be fired at any hour.

**All Clear.**—If within two hours from the time the "Take cover" warning was made public, this latter warning will be repeated if necessary.

**Shelters.**—The public have been advised to remain in their own houses, which, however small, are splinter proof if the occupants keep behind walls.

The Commissioner points out that splinter-proof public shelter is available for more than a million persons, while there is bomb-proof shelter for an additional 550,000.

## VOTING "REVOLUTION."

Lord Lansdowne Opposes Limited Franchise for Women.

Declaring that it was not in the true interests of the State or of women that they should have power in Imperial matters, Lord Lansdowne, in the House of Lords yesterday, moved the omission of the clauses giving votes to women.

The Bill, he said, added some 10,000 women to the electorate, of seven million women to the electorate; the age limit of thirty was illusory and an artificial expedient.

Points from other speeches were:—Lord Haldane.—Women had sacrificed their gravity and their health and many of their lives in our cause. Public opinion

was strongly behind this great change. Lord Lansdowne.—This change was a revolution and there had been no clear indication of the people's will.

Lord Lansdowne.

When the adjourned inquest was resumed at St. Paul's yesterday on Amy Gladys Canham, whose husband, a private in a machine gun corps, stands remanded on a charge of shooting her at 144, Great College-street, Camden Town, the coroner (Mr. W. Schroder), addressing a number of women in court, said:—

"Do all these women want to listen to these details? They would surely prefer to remain outside."

A Woman: Yes. I understand that this is a public court.

The Coroner: Yes, under my direction.—The Woman: We are interested in every case concerning women.

The Coroner: In what way?—The general welfare of the public.

The Coroner: Very well. Some women left the court during this discussion.

The jury, having heard additional evidence, returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the husband.

**"IRRESISTIBLE FORCE."**

Lieut. Anghuet's Novel Plea in Belgian Shooting Drama.

Lieutenant Charles Anghuet, of the Belgian Army, came before Mr. Justice Darling, at the Old Bailey, yesterday, on the charge of shooting and wounding a fellow-countryman, Private Raymond de Dryver, also of the Belgian Army, at India House, King's Cross.

Prisoner's plea was that as he had already been acquitted of the offence by a court martial, held at Calais, he could not be tried a second time.

Anghuet (who represented Lieutenant Anghuet) said that the court-martial found the charges were not established, and that he was compelled to commit the acts by a force which he was unable to resist.

The Judge said that an "irresistible force" was not recognised in this country, and ruled that the second trial must proceed.

Mr. Muir (who prosecuted) disputed that the Calais Court was properly constituted, and witnesses for both sides described the powers under which the Court was constituted.

The Judge reserved judgment until to-day.

## MORE MEAT COMING.

No Need to Fear a Famine—Real Cause of Shortage.

3,000 BUTCHERS IN QUEUE.

It was stated authoritatively last night that although the shortage of meat has been a great inconvenience to many, there need be no apprehension of a famine, and that as the spring approaches the supply will be much more satisfactory.

Restricted imports have been the cause of the present difficulty. Something like 40 per cent. of the meat requirements for the civilian population before the war came from abroad. The meat coming from overseas now is mainly for military needs. Consequently the civilian population is deprived of the major share of that supply.

A census shows that the number of cattle in the country, whilst a little fewer than six months ago, has suffered no appreciable numerical reduction. Roughly speaking, it is reduced about 7 per cent.

Lord Rhondda states that he has no evidence that farmers are holding up cattle to any serious extent.

In the opinion of Lord Rhondda, the reduction in imports of refrigerated beef will be accentuated probably in the coming months, but there is not sufficient home meat to make up for it.

Early yesterday between two and three thousand butchers were waiting patiently for a share of the meat available at Smithfield Market.

"Speaking generally," said one man, "the position is a shade better to-day. There is more meat than there has been any day this week. The Food Controller has issued an order under which the maximum price at which a wild rabbit may be sold will be 2s. if the pelt or skin is included, or 1s. 9d. without the skin."

Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* found that the market price of rabbits ranged from 3s. to 3s. 6d.

**Men in the Queues.**—There were more men than women in the London tea and margarine queues yesterday.

## CLAIM FOR £5,000 DAMAGES

Baronet Brings an Action for Alleged Slander.

An action for alleged slander, in which £5,000 damages are claimed, by Sir D. M. Stevenson, ex-Provost of Glasgow, against Mr. J. B. Walker, a Glasgow yarn merchant, came before the Court of Session, Edinburgh, yesterday.

His Lordship decided that the case should go to trial by jury, and fixed a date in March.

The question for the jury will be whether on June 15, 1916, at a public meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, Mr. Walker, in the course of a speech, falsely and calumniously used the words meaning that Sir Daniel was a traitor to his country, that he approved of the brutal excesses of the Germans on British prisoners and Belgian and Serbian women and children, and that his sympathies were with the Germans; and that he desired to assist them by preventing the internment of their spies.

Defendant denies slander and pleads fair comment.

## WORK THAT AGES WOMEN.

Men Do Not Show Signs of Strain as Soon as Women.

The problem of when women who work first show signs of age in their faces is being discussed by welfare workers.

Baroness M. Ayres, an investigator said to *The Daily Mirror*, "that men who have endured the horrors of life in the trenches

durured the horrors of life in the trenches returned their youthful looks, whereas many girls at work here lose them."

"I attribute it largely," said the woman manager of many clerks, "to women's inability to throw off all thought of work when they listen to girls at lunch-time, and when they are going home in omnibuses and trains, and you will hear them discussing personalities and details of their work. Men speak of odd things and so lead more than one life mentally."

**"THE REMEMBERED KISS."**

"The Remembered Kiss," the new serial story, the enthralling opening chapters of which will be found on page 7, proves anew the saying that "there is a romance in every life."

Baroness M. Ayres—perhaps the most popular writer of *Daily Mirror* serial stories—has seen "The Remembered Kiss" in the manuscript and frankly admits that its enthralling interest surpasses anything that she has personally invented.

The vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has recently been commissioned to effect the public sale of a number of National War Bonds and War Savings Certificates owned by a group of Northumberland miners, tradesmen and others who, inspired by patriotism, desired in this way to make a gift to the nation.

**PATRIOTIC MINERS' GIFT TO NATION.**

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## SOLDIER'S ALLEGED FORCED MARRIAGE

Wedded to Girl Who Was Practically a Stranger.

### "A SPECIAL LICENCE."

A remarkable story of a soldier's escape from the Germans and an alleged forced marriage in London with a girl whose acquaintance he had only made two days previously was told at the London Sessions yesterday.

Charles Tyrell Davis, aged twenty-two, the son of a captain in the R.A.M.C., stood in the dock charged with stealing two gold watches, two chains and a ring, value £85, the property of Surgeon-General Sir George Makins. He pleaded guilty.

The accused, counsel explained, called on Lady Makins at the hospital where she was working and introduced himself as the son of people she knew.

She had not seen him since he was a child, but he reminded her that he was Sir George's godson. She thereupon invited him to lunch at Upper Brook-street and put him up for the night.

While Sir George and Lady Makins were out of town a few days later Davis, without permission, presented himself at the house and, deceiving the servants, stayed there for the weekend. After he had gone the jewellery was missing.

**"AFTER MARRIAGE DISCOVERY."**

An Army officer said the accused joined the R.N.R. Force in August, 1914. In October he went to Antwerp and was taken prisoner by the Germans. He succeeded in escaping from there by boat and fled to England.

After that he joined the A.S.C. and being recommended for a commission he was sent to a cadet school at St. John's Wood. From there he disappeared.

Answering accused's counsel, the officer said Davis was just the type of man the country wanted as a soldier. Witness had heard rumours that he had been acquainted with two women, a mother and her daughter.

Counsel said that after an acquaintance of two days the mother purchased a special licence and a wedding ring and deposited upon Davis her undesirable daughter, after which he then married at the daughter had had a child and left her.

The accused was bound over and handed over to a military escort.

**LIPTON'S FINED £15.**

West Hartlepool Town Clerk and Use of Word "Preference."

Lipton's, Limited, were fined £15, their local manager 40s. and a boy assistant 10s. at West Hartlepool yesterday on a charge of having attempted to impose a condition of sale.

Lipton's regulars are accustomed to give preference to regular customers was described by the town clerk, who prosecuted, as an attempt to bamboozle everybody and to substitute the word "preference" for the word "condition."

Good Inspector Farnham said he asked the boy assistant for tea and was told he could not have any unless he were registered for sugar.

For Messrs. Lipton it was stated that, by arrangement with the local Food Control Committee, the local manager had undertaken to divide any supplies he received equally between registered and unregistered customers. On this occasion tea for unregistered customers was sold out before the inspector went to the shop.

**NEWS ITEMS.**

To Oppose Mr. Bonar Law.—A Labour syndicate will contest the Division against Mr. Bonar Law at the next election.

Sub-Lieutenant Gyles' D.S.C.—Sub-Lieutenant Gyles, R.N., one of the heroes of the Broke, yesterday received the D.S.C. from the King.

New Civil Naval Post.—Mr. Arthur Preece has been appointed Local Commissioner of the Admiralty (unpaid), with the title of Second Civil Lord.

Governor of Jerusalem.—Mr. Ronald Storrs, of the British Agency, Cairo, it is understood, has been appointed Military Governor of Jerusalem.—Reuter.

The Museum Decision.—It is not necessary to take over the British Museum or the National History Museum for Government purposes.—Earl Curzon, Foreign Secretary.

Authorress Dies After Accident.—Miss Elaine Anthony-Jones (E. M. Jameson), the authorress, died in St. George's Hospital yesterday after being knocked down by a motor car.

Milk Cows Must Be Fed.—The Food Controller has issued an order enabling farmers with cows in milk to obtain priority in the supply of feeding stuffs over all other cattle.

**RACING POSTPONED.**

Frost and snow combined to render National Hunt sport at Windsor out of the question. The expected parts of the course were frozen hard during Tuesday night, and postponement of yesterday's programme was decided upon at 2 a.m. Despite the postal law, the outlook at 7 p.m. was bad, and it was then decided to postpone the meeting till Monday and Tuesday next.



# HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

**Germany Breaks Her Red Cross Pledge—  
Rewa Torpedoed at Midnight.**

**ALL WOUNDED SAVED: NOT IN 'BARRÉD' ZONE**

**18 Big and 3 Smaller Ships Down—Canadians' Successful  
Raid South of Lens.**

**Huns' Red Cross Crime.**—Breaking their Red Cross pledge, the Germans have torpedoed and sunk the hospital ship Rewa in the Bristol Channel. All the wounded were saved, but three of the crew are missing.

**Western Front.**—Germans who entered two of our posts north of the Ypres-Staden railway were ejected. Canadians south of Lens carried out a successful raid. The French took 178 prisoners in their big raid on Tuesday in the Woevre.

**FINE RAID BY CANADIANS REBELLIOUS PORTUGUESE  
SAILORS SURRENDER.**

**Germans Enter Two of Our  
Advanced Posts but Are Ejected.**

**BRITISH OFFICIAL.**  
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Wednesday, 9.57 A.M.—At dusk yesterday evening the enemy succeeded in entering two of our advanced posts north of the Ypres-Staden railway, but was immediately ejected. Early this morning Canadian troops carried out a successful raid south of Lens, capturing two machine guns.

**GERMAN OFFICIAL.**  
Wednesday. Afternoon (Crown Prince Rupprecht's Front).—Under strong protective fire English reconnoitering detachments launched an attack against the southern edge of Houthulst Wood. A few companies attacked the Boesinghe-Staden railway. The enemy was not able to reach our lines at any point. There was lively artillery activity on both sides of Lens. East of Bullecourt several hand-grenade encounters took place for the possession of small sections of trenches.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

**'FRENCH PENETRATED OUR  
LINE OF POSTS.'**

**Foe Claims Recapture of Lost  
Ground—Petain Bags 178 Huns.**

**GERMAN OFFICIAL.**  
Wednesday. Afternoon. Duke Albrecht's Front: West of Ypres. During the afternoon, the French, after violent artillery preparation, launched a strong attack on a front of two and

## 18 BIG SHIPS DOWN.

The Admiralty shipping return shows that eighteen big ships were sunk last week, as compared with eighteen during the preceding period.

Over Under Fishing  
Week ended. 1,600 tons. 1,600 tons. Vessels.  
Jan. 5. 18 3 4

The weekly average in round figures of ships sunk in preceding months was—

Dec. (5 weeks) 14 3 1  
Nov. (4 weeks) 9 5 2.25  
Oct. (4 weeks) 14 5 1.1  
Sept. (5 weeks) 12 6 1

The arrivals and sailings of merchant ships of all nationalities (over 100 tons net) for the week ending January 5 were 2,085, and 2,244, a total of 4,329.

Eleven ships unsuccessfully attacked. One big ship was lost during the week ending July 22, 1917, and one during week ending December 29. Of the smaller ships one was lost in the December 29 period.

Italian report.—Sailings 313, arrivals 322. Two steamers over 1,600 tons sunk.

a half miles. At isolated points the enemy penetrated our line of posts. The attempt to gain ground beyond them broke down.

Our counter-attacks during the course of the night threw back the enemy at all points into his departure position.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

**FRENCH OFFICIAL.**  
Wednesday. Afternoon.—There was intermittent artillery action at some points of the front, without infantry action.

The total capture of prisoners brought back by us yesterday, as the result of the incursion effected north of Seicheppey, amounts to 178, of whom one is an officer and eighteen non-commissioned officers.—Central News.

Lisbon, Tuesday.—The mutinous sailors who have been concentrated in the barracks since yesterday have surrendered without resistance to the Government troops.

All is quiet in Lisbon. The naval barracks and arsenal have been occupied by troops.

Senhor Sidonio Paes, the President, this morning visited the military forces at Alcantara. The crew landed and were taken prisoners. The destroyer Domo did not fire and the crew also surrendered.

A semi-official statement says:—The cruiser Vasco da Gama, having left dock at Santos against the formal orders of the Government and having taken up a position in the middle of the Tagus in front of Fort St. George, the battery in the fort opened fire against the vessel, which replied.

It afterwards hoisted the white flag and landed some men of the crew, who, after being disarmed, surrendered to the Republican Guard and troops.

The cruiser Vasco da Gama has also been surrendered to the Government, which has taken all steps to maintain order and to enforce respect for its authority.—Reuter.

**PORTUGUESE OFFICIAL.**  
Information regarding the Portuguese front during last week: Two strong enemy patrols were repelled on the night of the 31st. We captured one prisoner. Our artillery maintained its superiority.

**ITALIANS DISPERSE FOE.**

**ITALIAN OFFICIAL.**  
Wednesday. Afternoon.—Lively bursts of fire astride the Brenia and harassing fire across the Piave.

Between the heights of Val Dobbiadene and the Montello a small attack attempted by the enemy in the direction of Mount Melago (Asiago Plateau) was frustrated by our barrage fire.

Enemy working parties were dispersed in front of Palazzon, and hostile movement effectively shelled around Noventa. Bad weather continued along the whole front.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

**NEW CIVIL NAVAL POST.**

The King has approved of the appointment of Mr. Arthur Francis Pease to be a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty (unpaid), with the title of Second Civil Lord.

The need for the appointment of another civil member of the Board of Admiralty was mentioned by the First Lord in his statement in November last.

The Second Civil Lord will undertake during the war the administration of the Director of Works Department and the programme of naval works.

**WILL KUHLMANN GO?**

The Cologne Volkszeitung says:—"We don't believe the Ludendorff crisis is completely finished."

The Magdeburgische Zeitung writes:—"We are not surprised at reports of differences between Ludendorff and von Kuhlmann. Perhaps it will soon be decided whether either or both must retire."—Exchange.

The Kaiser, at the recent German Council (says a Reuter's message), in a speech on the subject of the re-establishment of the independent Kingdom of Poland, said, "I feel grateful for my unremitting efforts, in a reign of nearly thirty years, to be the protector of those principles, will meet with deep sympathy on your part."

## MR. WILSON'S PEACE.

The chief points of Mr. Wilson's world-peace conditions, outlined to Congress yesterday, are as follow:—

No secret diplomacy.  
No economic barriers.

Adjustment of all colonial claims, interests of peoples having equal weight with the equitable claims of the governments.  
Evacuation and restoration for Belgium, France, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Rumania and Montenegro.

Wrong of Alsace-Lorraine to be righted.  
Rearrangement of Balkans, giving Serbia access to the sea.

Only Turkish parts of Turkey to remain under the Sultan.  
Open Durban.  
Poland an independent State.  
League of Nations.

Reduction of armaments.  
Russia.—He stretched a hand out to Russia, expressed a heartfelt desire to help Russia to obtain liberty and peace, and characterised the Russian peace representatives as sincere.

Germany.—He did not presume to suggest to Germany any alteration or modification of her institutions, but it was a necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with Germany on America's part that America should know whom Germany's spokesmen speak for when they speak to America, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

Mr. Wilson said the moral climax of the war had come, and America was prepared to put her strength to the test. His free condition was: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

## LABOUR WELCOMES MR. WILSON'S PEACE SPEECH.

**"Negotiations Have Begun"  
Reply of Central Powers Awaited.**

**"THE WORLD IS WAITING."**

"We warmly welcome President Wilson's authoritative declaration of Allied war aims."

This important pronouncement was made yesterday in a manifesto issued by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions Congress, the executive of the Labour Party and the Co-operative Parliamentary Representation Committee.

Here are some outstanding points from the manifesto:—

**No Secret Covenants.**—Humanity has had to pay dearly for the secret covenants entered into by Governments, and we rejoice that Mr. Wilson has so decisively proclaimed the democratic doctrine of open diplomacy.

**Revolutionary Russia.**—British Labour will welcome very heartily Mr. Wilson's expressions of sympathy with Russia's agonised efforts to achieve full freedom. British democracy desires nothing more earnestly than that the Russian democracy shall be convinced that the whole of the Allies are with them in their struggle for peace and freedom.

**Freedom of the Seas.**—The reference to "freedom of the seas" is to be welcomed on the ground of its lucidity and breadth of definition. It embodies the doctrine of freedom of navigation both in peace and war, except in so far as it may be necessary to close the seas in whole or in part by international action for the purpose of enforcing international obligations violated by any nation. No other formula that we have seen meets so fully the stipulations that an island Power like Britain is bound to make to ensure its own safety and that of the Empire in time of war.

**Spirit of Democracy.**—President Wilson's programme is in essential respects so similar to that which British Labour has put forward that we need not discuss any point of difference in detail. If it reaches the people of the Central Powers it will be better than any other formula that we have seen for navigating the popular movements towards peace in those countries now under the yoke of Prussian militarist autocracy and give their demand for peace a weight and authority that cannot be denied.

"In fact," concludes the document, "we may say that peace negotiations have been begun and that the world waits for the proof that the Central Powers are sincere in their desire to carry them to conclusion which will be acceptable to the peoples of the world."

**"DEFEAT MEANS PEACE."**

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Excelsior reports a statement made by a German officer who has been taken prisoner, who confirms the rumour that Germany is massing troops on the western front with the aim of crushing her opponents before the arrival of the Americans.

The German said: "If we succeed in beating our adversaries in the west it will mean a rapid German peace with annexations, but if we are defeated it will mean defeat as at Verdun." It will be a disastrous peace. We shall have attained the maximum of our efforts and ought to end the struggle. The situation at home will not allow us to go on.—Reuter.

## NO PANIC ON LOST HOSPITAL SHIP.

**How Wounded "Tommies"  
Were Taken to the Boats.**

## THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

ADMIRALTY, Wednesday.—H.M. hospital ship Rewa was torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel about midnight on January 4 on her way home from Gibraltar.

All the wounded were safely transferred to patrol vessels, and there were only three casualties among the crew, three lascars being missing.

She was displaying all the lights and markings required by The Hague Convention, and she was not, and had not been, within the so-called barred zone as delimited in the statement issued by the German Government on January 29, 1917.

The Exchange says: There was no panic on board when the vessel was struck, and everyone worked with a will at the difficult task of transferring the wounded to the boats and the patrol vessels, which were soon on the scene.

The survivors were landed at a Bristol Channel port shortly after the disaster and everything possible was done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded men, who were quickly transferred to hospitals.

H.M. hospital ship Rewa, before being transformed into a hospital ship, belonged to the British India Steam Navigation Company.

She was a steel turbine vessel of 4,013 tons net and 7,308 tons gross, and was built at Dumbarton in 1906. She was 456ft. in length and 56ft. 2in. in breadth.

## WHAT GERMAN GOVERNMENT PROMISED.

The German Government statement referred to by the British Admiralty declared that they would "no longer suffer any enemy hospital ship in the maritime zone which is situated between the lines Flamborough Head to Land's End on the one hand and Ushant to Terceira on the other."

Should enemy hospital ships be encountered in this maritime zone, after an appropriate lapse

## HOSPITAL SHIP OUTRAGES.

1914—October 26.—French steamship Admiral Ganteaume, with 2,500 homeless refugees on board, sunk off Havre. Thirty drowned.

1915—February.—British hospital ship Asturias unsuccessfully attacked. March 30.—Russian hospital ship Portugal sunk. 115 lives lost.

1916—July.—Russian hospital ship Vsesud sunk. Seven lives lost. November 21.—British hospital ship Britannia sunk. Fifty lives lost.

November 25.—British hospital ship Bramar Castle sunk. 100 lives lost.

1917—March 20.—British hospital ship Asturias sunk. March 30.—British hospital ship Gloucester torpedoed.

April 17.—British hospital ships Donegal and Austranc sunk. April.—British hospital ship Salta struck a mine and sank.

of time, they will be considered as belligerent and will be attacked without further consideration.

The German Government hypocritically pointed out at the time that they "believed themselves justified in adopting these measures as the route to Western and Southern France to the west of England still remains open for enemy hospital ships, and the transport of English wounded to their homes can consequently be effected now as heretofore without hindrance."

It was while using this "open route" to the west of England that the Rewa has been attacked and torpedoed.

The German Government gave in September last a pledge that no Red Cross ship should be sunk if it carried a Spanish officer, who guaranteed its character as a hospital ship.

This pledge was absolute for the Mediterranean and in September it was announced that negotiations were going on to extend it to all waters.

## PARLEY AT BREST.

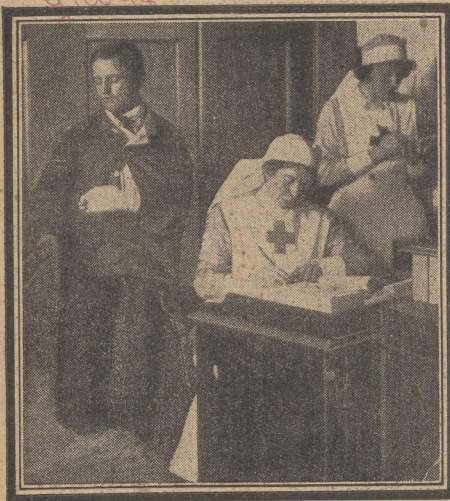
A telegram from Brest-Litovsk states that a preliminary discussion took place on Tuesday afternoon between the leaders of the delegations of the Central Powers and Russia and a plenary sitting was fixed for to-day.—Reuter.

## FRIENDLY ARABS' SALLIES

PALESTINE OFFICIAL.  
Renewed Arab activity is reported on the Hadjaz railway north of Maan. South of that place successful enterprises have been carried out by the Arabs against important railway bridges.



## VOLUNTARY WORK.



The quartermaster at work at Sir Thomas Dewey's Devonshire residence, which has been converted into a V.A.D. hospital. All the ladies give their services.

## DIFFERENT METHODS—



The men like sliding, and it also keeps the circulation good. These men are quite close to the firing line.—(Official photograph.)

## BELLE



**AWARDED M.M.**—Sgt. W. Morrell, who won his decoration for conspicuous gallantry under shell fire.



**MRS. SEYMOUR COCK-RAN**, who has worked with Lady Lansdowne for the Officers' Families Fund for over fifteen years.



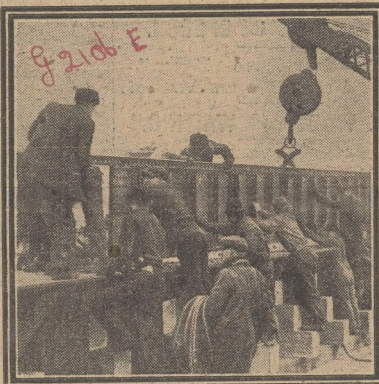
**MISSING SOLDIER.**—Pte. H. J. Albane, London R. Write Mrs. N. Albane, c/o Mrs. King, 25, Red-car-street, Highgate, London, N.19.

A French girl who the British Army at her.

## AMERICA BUILDING BIG FLEET OF 5,000 TON STEAMERS.



**WORKS FOR CHARITY.**—Mrs. George, the wife of Mr. W. L. George, the author, who does a great deal of work for war charities.



The photographs show the first keel being laid and Mr. John Hunter, an inspector of the U.S. Shipping Board driving the first rivet. These freight steamers are to be built in record time.



**HEROIC CLERGYMAN.**—The Rev. J. A. Coop, vicar of St. Catharine's, Liverpool, who has just been awarded the D.S.O.

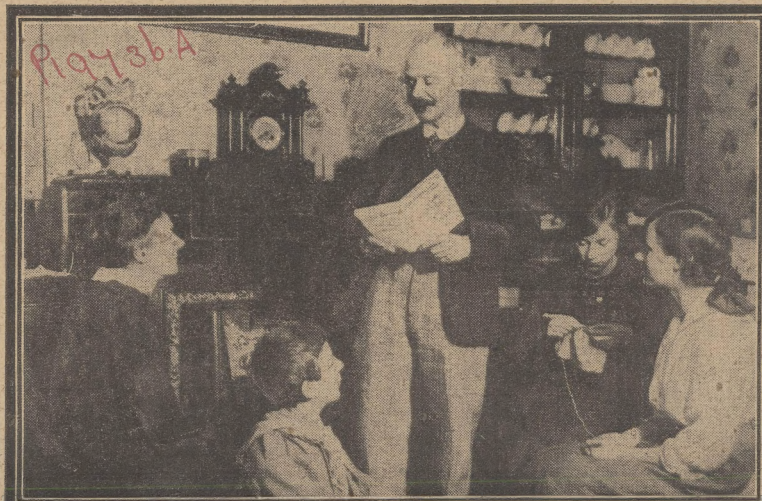


**MISHAP TO DANCER.**—Miss Phyllis Monkman, who fell and sprained her arm while dancing in Bubbly.



**THE O.B.E.**—Miss Black, private secretary to acting chief of British War Mission in U.S.A., gazetted a member of the O.B.E.

## BACK FROM RUHLEBEN—MADE PRISONER BEFORE THE WAR!



Mr. Stibbs, of the merchant service, once more in the bosom of his family. The Germans made him a prisoner two days before war was declared, his ship being then at Hamburg.

## VICTIMS OF MINE EXPLOSION



The two flag-covered co



Firing a volley. T

Bombardier H. Asbridge and Private A. Andus, well Bay, were buried at Minster. The mine, w



# RQUES.



**THREE D.S.O.s.**—Lieut.-Col. G. V. W. Hill, awarded a second bar to his D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry while commanding his battalion.



**BARONET BEREAVED.**—Lady Schuster, wife of Sir Felix Schuster, the banker, who has died following an operation.



**CHAPLAIN M.C.**—The Rev. G. C. R. Cooke, of Sunderland, who has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery.

al and road traffic of soldiers often assist (aph.)

## WITH MILITARY HONOURS



r, the other carried by soldiers.



buried in adjoining graves.

who lost their lives in the mine accident near Pegashore, exploded while being dragged up the beach.

## PAGEANT PLAY PRODUCED AT OXFORD.



Daria (Ulyi Alston) dancing before the Crusaders. It is hoped to produce the play in London.



Star of England (Gladys Rose).



Prince Edward and Eleanor of Castile.

"Glorious England," a tale of the Crusades, told by Bernice de Bergerac, was produced at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, yesterday. Serbian undergraduates took part.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## —KEEPING WARM IN FRANCE.



In the trenches, however, artificial means of keeping warm are needed, and these men are seen carrying up stoves.—(Official).

## CHEERFULLY TAKES ALL RISKS.



Miss Isabelle Mulvey, an American girl, who is indifferent to all risks as long as she can sail full speed in her ice yacht. And there is always a chance of an accident.



**WAR WORKER.**—Mrs. Benington-Wilson, Lady Montagu's sister, who has done both Red Cross and munition work.



**NURSE DROWNED.**—Miss Nellie Hawley, of Beckenham, who perished at sea while serving her country. She held an efficiency chertoon.



**Y.M.C.A. WORKER.**—Miss Geraldine Blackwood Porter, of North Berwick, who has been decorated for two years' service with the Y.M.C.A.



**YOUNG ACTRESS.**—Fay Lilmar, the baby of the "Yes, Uncle" Company, at the Prince of Wales. She is only fifteen.



# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918.

## COOK COMPLAINS.

THE rulers of Germany, eagerly seeking for signs of our weakness, must have been mightily deceived last week by the absurd fuss in newspaper headlines about meat. The fuss, the shortage, the alarm, the "panic" were simply non-existent amongst the majority of our people.

But another thing will also deceive the Germans, till the end of the war; blundering "experts" though they be in the psychology of other people. That is our habit or national privilege of grumbling.

In the home or home—not dissimilar places—the grumbling was going strong before the war—say, over the Insurance Act, or over the strikes, or over the rates and taxes. Cook was cross then, as she is, apparently, in many houses now. That is, she exercised her power of criticism upon the universe.

But what were we to conclude, in those days, about the consequences of her criticism?

That she, or we, or the others were revolutionary—that a revolution was breeding in Britain? No: the grumbling was the detached utterance of Diogenes in his tub or home.

And now, certainly, with frozen pipes and dear food and (lately) the vast over-indulgence in midday meat most beneficially curtailed, Cook grumbles louder, more continuously, than ever. Like a distinguished lady novelist, she would suppress everybody from the Prime Minister to the butcher round the corner. She would stop the war with words and "learn" statesmen to make wars by punishments prolonged over years.

You, the housewife, listen and think: "What utter selfishness! What do our miserable little moans matter? What are we suffering comparable with the intense suffering at the front?"—with other common-places: till, exasperated, you sum it up by denouncing Cook and saying: "Do you want us to give in then?"

Immediately, you see how small an influence (in our unphilosophical land) have Cook's intellectual convictions upon her actions in life. "Give in? Whoever heard of such a thing? What, give in to them...?"

And, as the butcher's boy arrives, he receives some of the suppressed sentence in violence of comment on short weight.

That is all.

It is, in nine cases out of ten, merely a question of grumbling, not of panic. As we suffer more, we shall grumble perhaps more too; perhaps less. But our adversary deceives himself if he interprets these comments as a signal of defeat. They mean nothing. We do not care. Inconvenience at home is secondary. Let us think only of the casualties at the front and the welfare of our fighting men there. W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 9.—Useful work may be done in the garden this month during open weather. All the vacant ground should be deeply dug over and the surface left in as rough a condition as possible, so that the frost may pulverise and sweeten the soil. Complete the planting, pruning and training of fruit trees without delay. Gooseberries, currants and raspberries may still be planted.

During bad weather pea-sticks should be examined and new ones got ready. Also prepare labels and see that all tools are in good condition. E. F. T.

## THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

To thee, old cause!  
Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,  
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,  
Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands,  
After a strange sad war great war for thee,  
(I think all war through time was really fought,  
and ever will be really fought, for thee),  
These chants for thee, the eternal march of thee.  
—WALT WHITMAN.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

You may overthrow a Government in the twinkling of an eye, as you can blow up a ship or upset and sink one; but you can no more create a Government with a word than an iron-clad.—Ruskin.



A new picture of Viscountess Curzon, a busy war worker.



Lady Cranworth, whose husband is with the R.A. in East Africa.

## THE DUAL OFFICE.

Canadian Aviator's Record—The Slump in Wedding-Ring Wearing.

THE RUMOUR is revived, I found yesterday, that Mr. Bonar Law will soon lay down one of his posts—either Leader of the House or Chancellor of the Exchequer, either of which is one man's job. He has been such a success as Leader that his friends would rather that

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

"The Remembered Kiss."—Turn to page 7 and read "The Remembered Kiss," and then tell me that you do not agree with Byron that truth is stranger than fiction. This remarkable story is a new departure in serial writing.

Anonymous.—If you knew the facts you would understand why the authoress desires to remain anonymous. No romance has ever conceived a more enthralling piece of fiction than this real life story.

Weather Lore.—There were indications yesterday that the temperature in London has not yet risen above sneezing point.

A Record.—Captain William A. Bishop is credited in to-day's Gazette with having destroyed forty-five Hun machines within the last five months. This flyer is Canada's champion airman. He holds the V.C., the D.S.O.

Referendum or End 'Em?—I notice that Lord Calthorpe is among the peers reluctant to support the present provision of the Representation of the People Bill for woman's suffrage. He wants a referendum on the subject, but especially of women themselves. They should be consulted before such a responsibility is placed upon them, thinks the peer, which is what a good many women think, too.



Lord Calthorpe.

Many-Acred Peer.—Lord Calthorpe—here he is—has an American wife, but is quite a wealthy peer. He owns a quantity of land in and around Birmingham, and most of the residences of the haughty brass barons and jewel junkers of that city are built upon the Calthorpe estate.

Guardman's Wedding.—To-day, when the Hon. Geraldine Digby weds Mr. Malcolm, of the Scots Guards, in the Guards' Chapel, there will be a bevy of attendants, including her sisters, the Hon. Lettice and the Hon. Venetia.

Pages.—As pages there will be the bride's cousin and her six-year-old brother, the Hon. Albert.

The Babies' Ball.—I cannot remember a prettier sight than the babies' ball Lady Irene Curzon gave at the Ritz yesterday to 300 notabilities' children. I saw Princess Patricia watching the charming spectacle with Countess Curzon and Miss Vacani.

Notabilities.—Also the Duchess of Buccleuch and Grace Lady Newborough were enjoying it as much as any small person. But they were not in fancy dress.

A Strong Cast.—I hear that Mr. Lyn Harding and Mr. Fisher White will be in the new Ambassadors' play, "The Little Brother." It wants strong players, for it is a strong, meaty drama, as to which you will be able to judge during the first week in February.

Religioso.—A rabbi and a Catholic priest will be the protagonists, so it looks promisingly controversial.

An Accident.—I was surprised to meet Miss Phyllis Monkman yesterday with her arm in a sling. It appears that she had an accident on the stage of the Comedy the other night while dancing, and at the time thought her arm was broken. It is not so bad as that, I am pleased to hear, and she is carrying on.

The Money Spot.—I met Mr. Alfred Butt yesterday, looking happy. And well he might, for he tells me that the advance booking for "The Beauty Spot" is greater than that for any previous Gaiety play for five years.

Nurse M.P. Gets Leave.—Nursing Sister MacAdam, of the Canadians, who was recently elected to the Alberta Parliament by the votes of the Canadian soldiers and nurses on this side, has been granted leave of absence. She is going to Canada in order to take up a time her parliamentary duties. Miss MacAdam was at the Canadian Hospital at Taplow.

The Wonder-Child.—Here you see little Vesta Sylva, who is prettily playing Michael in "Peter Pan." There were several Michaels before Vesta was born, but she is a pleasing little actress and dancer—and a pupil of whom Mme. Vandeyck is most proud.



Vesta Sylva.

"Lines" Now.—Noticing that "Inside the Lines" will have been played 300 times with last night's show reminds me that the piece has given London a new leading lady in Miss Ida Adams. This is chiefly interesting because Miss Adams was first a dancer and had never spoken a line on the stage till she appeared at the Apollo.

THE RAMBLER.



—there will be an odd contrast between the elegance of the flapper's dress and her democratic footwear.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

it were the task of guiding the finances of the war which was relinquished.

His Successor.—I found Mr. Austen Chamberlain's political friends pointing out his claims to the Chancellorship. He would doubtless carry on the Law tradition. You may remember that he accompanied the Chancellor to Paris the other day on an official mission.

New Job?—In the old days the Leader of the House always held some high office. But things are topsy-turvy in this nineteen hundred-and-wartime, so Mr. Law may be another Minister "without portfolio."

In the Air.—The Aeronautical Society have honoured themselves, I hear, by making General Sir David Henderson an honorary Fellow. For several years Sir David has been working for the society.

Book Orders.—I find, somewhat to my surprise, that the second-hand book trade is one of the busiest in war time. A bookseller near Charing Cross told me yesterday that he has an enormous lot of orders by post

with bar, and Military Cross, and received all three decorations at one Investiture.

Ringless.—The Duchess of Marlborough tells me that she is getting wedding-rings sent to her Babies' Jewel Fund owing to the new vogue of going ringless.

Quaint Custom.—Which reminds me of what Miss Doris Keane told me. Her wedding-ring and that of her new-made husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, are to be tied together and thrown into the sea "for luck"—an old custom revived.

Coolness.—I notice that Lord Dudley Gordon gained his D.S.O. for fearlessness in supervising the construction of artillery tracks. I ought to mention that the work was done under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. He is the second son of Lord Aberdeen.

Mr. Humphrey Thompson.—Fleet-street was in mourning yesterday for Mr. Humphrey Thompson, one of the finest sporting journalists and most lovable characters of his generation. He had been ill for a considerable time, but at Christmas he was full of hope.



# THE EMERALD KISS

BY AN  
ANONYMOUS  
AUTHOR

## CHAPTER I.

"NOBODY but a fool," said my father, "would hesitate for a moment! For your own sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, and for Heaven's sake, girl, be reasonable!"

He was speaking to me; as a matter of fact, he had been speaking almost without stopping for the last quarter of an hour, and all his remarks had been hurled at me with as much force as the stones from David's sling.

It was nearly five o'clock on a January afternoon and it was rapidly getting dark.

The only light in the room was the red glow of the fire, but it was bright enough for me to see father's face and mother's face, and the face of my good-looking brother Rupert, and I felt an insane desire to laugh; as I realised that all their anxiety was on my account, and that for once in my unimportant life I was considered sufficiently important to keep them from other and more amusing ways of spending the afternoon.

We Petersons have never been what might be called a united family; as a matter of fact, I should think it would be difficult to find any four related people who cared less and knew less about each other. But to-day a disappointed onlooker might have imagined that father and mother and Rupert all had my interests absurdly close at heart, judging by the anxiety depicted on their faces.

Then had been brought in some time ago, but nobody had troubled even to pour it out, and the room had grown darker and darker while my father talked and talked and talked till his head swam.

"Nobody but a fool," he said again with added violence, "would ever dream of refusing."

"Lorna hasn't refused," my mother interrupted in that very sweet voice of hers with which people—people outside the family, I mean—invariably fall in love.

"And Lorna isn't going to refuse, are you, dear child?" she asked, laying her hand on my shoulder.

Mother has most beautiful hands, white and slender, and nearly always blazing with diamonds, and as I looked at her now I remembered how, as quite a small child, I had longed for her to smooth my hair with her pretty fingers, or stroke my face, or show some little sign of affection for me. But she never did; Mother never liked me. She said once that I was the greatest disappointment of her life.

The truth is that I am one of those people whom nobody has ever taken any interest in, and who as a consequence is considered not to be good looking. You say that I am going to tell you my story all at once, but I tell it truthfully, so there you are with the first and greatest truth that I am not a beautiful heroine—if you can call me a heroine at all.

"I am slightly plain," as mother (who is an exquisitely beautiful person) says, "all corners."

I've looked at my face so often in the glass and wondered if I couldn't find something more than just plainness there; and sometimes, though I am not conceited, I have thought that perhaps if I were only dressed better and my hair made the way I thought it should be, and after all; but Aunt Anne always said such things were vanity, and made me put them aside.

I haven't got a dimple or even a pretty smile. I just look horrible, said, though I try not to, as if (as mother says) I have all the cares of the world on my shoulders.

Mother doesn't understand what it's like to imagine you are unattractive (even if you are not really so bad).

If she had understood, ever so little, she would never have been asking this utterly impossible thing of me now! She would have known why I should not be so, and had after all the prayers and pleadings of my family was just an agonised "I can't! Oh, I can't!"

"It isn't," said Rupert impatiently, "as if she has any certain, and, moreover, you're not everyone's money, my dear," he added, turning to me with a sort of amused tolerance in his handsome eyes. "Dashed lucky, I call it! Don't be such a bally little idiot! Anyone would think there was somebody else in the question!"

I looked up at him, and wondered what he would say if I broke out with the words that were surging desolately through my heart:

"Oh, but there is! There is!"

They would all have thought me mad; they would all have laughed at me; the "someone else," included, if he knew! For he had never given me a thought in our one meeting; it was just I, in my foolishness, who chose to think him so much better and more wonderful than any other man I had ever met.

I suppose I had thought this properly, I must go back and explain.

Well, to begin with, until a week before that afternoon in the library I had not lived at home for six years. Our house is at Hampstead—one of those expensive places with lots of windows and a large garden.

I was nearly sixteen when mother decided that I should never be anything better than an ugly duckling, no matter how hard she tried to transform me into a swan. And father's idea was to let Miss Ann Peterson—offered to take me to live with her my boxes were packed up and I was sent off with no regrets from anybody.

Well, I lived with her for six years, long, monotonous years they seem now when I look back on them, though in their dull,

uneventful way, they were happy.

She never showed me much affection, though she was always kind and generous, and her death was the first real trouble I had ever known.

She died in her sleep, and afterwards, when I found my portrait in a little locket that she always wore, I wondered if I had been very blind not to see that she must always have loved me, though she never said so.

It was her will that formed the subject of our family consultation that January afternoon in the library, when father and mother and Rupert, each, in utterly different ways, adjured me not to be a fool; for Aunt Ann had left half her fortune to me on condition (and this is where the part that seems so like a story begins) that I married some man of her choice whom I had never seen.

The other half of her money (she had been very wealthy) was to be his—this man's! If we married; but if we did not, the whole amount, his share and mine, was to be devoted to the endowment of a child's hospital.

"The hospital can have it, and welcome," I cried in a panic when they told me of the conditions of her will.

"Of course, the hospital can have it! As if I would ever consent to marry a man I have never seen!"

"I call it ingratitude—wicked ingratitude," my father exclaimed angrily. "After all I've done for you! The upbringing you've had; the money you've cost me."

I found my voice then; I felt my face getting scarlet as I looked at him and cried out—

"I don't intend to be grateful for anything you've never liked me, not any of you! You sent me away because I was a nuisance; you're not troubling about me now if it wasn't for the money! I won't marry him—I tell you I won't! And I spring out of the chair where I had been sitting and ran out of the room."

I went up to my own room and shut the door; I didn't cry—I'm not a crying sort; but I felt as if I wanted to beat my head against something or to hurt myself in some way in order to deaden the intolerable ache at my heart.

## THE THUNDERSTORM.

SOMETIMES I had had dreams of a day when perhaps someone would come along and not mind that I had auburn hair; someone who would not mind my painful shyness and stupid habit of blushing; but now that dream was dispersed for ever.

I found myself in my room was undrawn, and I stood by the window I could see a golden moon climbing the dark sky.

It reminded me of a night—the one night that stood out in sharp relief against the monotony of my life; the one night when I ever saw the man of whom I had never since ceased to think.

I went over to the window and, looking out into the moonlight, deliberately conjured his image.

It was the summer after I left home to go and live with Aunt Ann, and there had been a dreadful thunderstorm.

I was always afraid of thunder; and I sat up in bed, trembling and terrified, to find the room lit with vivid flashes of fork lightning.

I had only been in the house a few weeks then, and I was afraid to cry out; so I just lay there with my head under my bedclothes, my heart pounding like a mad thing, until the world of it had passed.

Then I heard the rain pouring down in a deluge, and I was sitting up, deep out, I could see that the storm was passing over, and that moonlight was once again breaking the darkness of the sky.

Somehow the ghostly light frightened me more than the darkness, and I lay there with a little muffled cry I sprang out of bed, caught up my dressing gown, and rushed barefooted down the corridor.

And then, with someone, to hear a human voice—that was my one thought, and when, I wrenched open the closed door at the end of the corridor, I saw the vague, shadowy shape of someone at the head of the stairs, I flung myself at it, and was passing for a second.

"Oh, let me stay with you—let me stay with you—please I please!" I panted. "Oh, I'm so frightened."

And then, from head to foot; my knees felt as if they must give way beneath me, but my hands had closed on an arm, strong and steady, and for the moment that was all that mattered.

And then—as my frightened wits came slowly back to me, an odd sense of discomfort filled my heart; I opened my eyes which I had kept almost shut, and looked at the face of the man whom I was clinging to, and it was a man whom I had never seen in my life before.

For a moment I was helpless, paralysed with fear; then I suppose I must have opened my lips to scream, for in an instant he put his hand over my mouth, and the cry in my throat.

"Don't scream—for Heaven's sake, don't scream," he said in a hoarse whisper.

But his warning was unnecessary, the sudden darkness, the sound of the rain, the touch of his hand, and I just shut my eyes and fainted.

When next I remembered anything I was downstairs in the little sitting-room, and was much used, which opened on to the garden, lying down in Aunt Ann's big chair, and the man was holding something to my lips. He drew back instantly when I moved, and for a moment I lay there staring at him with such terror that the ghost of a smile crossed his face.

"It's all right—I'm not going to hurt you," he said bravely.

I struggled into a sitting position, my hands clutching the arms of the big chair. I was only sixteen, and my natural nervousness added tenfold to the fear which anyone would have felt in my position.

"What—that are you doing here?" he asked, looking at me.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you I'd come in to get out of the storm," he said.

"So I may as well confess that I came because I heard there were some diamonds in this house which are not as well looked after as they should be."

"A burglar!" I gasped, my eyes nearly starting out of my head.

"A gentleman-housebreaker sounds better," he said. "Though, I suppose they both mean pretty much the same thing."

"I must have turned white, for he added anxiously, 'You're not going to faint again, are you?'"

I shook my head. I could not speak, and I gradually lost the window, which I saw now was wide open.

The man stood for a moment looking out, and I gazed at him with fascinated eyes.

He was tall and quite young, but his face was thin and desperately unhappy and his clothes were shabby.

I got up from the chair and stood clutching one of its arms; I suppose I was very childish and ignorant at that age, for any rate I was gradually losing my fear of this man, and seeing him only through the rose-coloured glasses of romance, for I said breathlessly—

"Have you got a wife and some starving children at home?"

He turned round and stared at me.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he said blankly.

I explained eagerly.

"I don't mean, of course, it wasn't for yourself that you wanted the diamonds, was it? It's for someone else—your wife, or—the children."

The colour rushed to his pale face, he laughed shortly.

"I was—only," he said bitterly, "I was suggesting," he said with an effort. "If I were a worse kind of blackguard than I am; I suppose it would be a good opportunity for me to try and defend myself, but I don't," he shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't a wife—or any children."

I looked up at him again.

"But—but you're a gentleman!" I gasped.

Again that crimson wave surged over his face.

"I am—one," he said bitterly.

A sudden feeling of great pity for him swept through me. Impulsively I took a little step towards him.

"I've got ten pounds upstairs," I said. "If that will be any kind—your're welcome to it—you're more than welcome—"

I waited eagerly for his reply, but though I saw his lips twitch he did not speak, and then suddenly he turned away, covering his face with his hands.

There was a tragic silence; I had never seen a man cry before, and I was somehow sure that this man was a true man.

And then, I waited a moment, then I stole up to him and touched his arm timidly.

"Why can't you tell me what is the matter and let me help?" I asked. "I've got all the money I need—I have everything I want, and if—"

He shook my hand away almost angrily; he kept his face averted.

"You're only a child," he said roughly. "You wouldn't understand if I told you of the struggles and temptations." He broke off, dashing a hand across his eyes, then suddenly he laughed.

"You'd better go back to bed—you'll take cold. . . the storm's over now—if that is what you were afraid of. . ."

He waited a moment, then he turned up the collar of his shabby jacket and coughed.

"Oh—are you going?" I asked blankly.

He looked at me.

"Do you want me to stay while you send for the police?" he asked roughly.

"I don't care a rap what becomes of me. He flung his cap down on the table. "Very well, rouse the house! Send for them. I'll promise you a quiet night."

And then something seemed to take me by the throat, half choking me with a strange, unwilling emotion, and suddenly I felt the tears tumbling down my face, as I sobbed out—

"How could you think such a thing! Oh, go, please, go."

## THE KISS.

HE came over to where I stood; I suppose I looked only the child he had called me in my blue dressing-gown and bare feet, and with my long auburn hair falling about me; and for a moment his eyes stared down at me hard; then he said in a quiet voice—

"Do you mean it?"

I nodded. Somehow I could not speak, and he drew a long breath like a sigh and, picking up his cap again, turned to the open window.

I followed.

"There are three steps down," I said.

I heard him laugh.

"Thank you. I counted them as I came in." The rain had stopped, and the garden looked so beautiful in the moonlight, with its fragrance and dewy-wet flowers and leaves and the soft drip of raindrops falling from the creepers that covered the wall, we both stopped instinctively and looked at it.

Then suddenly the man came back up those three steps and looked down at me, his face oddly white and earnest in the moonlight.

"You're only a child," he said, and his voice

was rough with emotion. "But you've done something for me to-night—and perhaps some day I'll be able to thank you for it—if we ever meet again." He laughed mirthlessly. "Good-night—and God bless you," he added, with a rush, almost as if he were ashamed of the words, it seemed, and before I knew what he was going to do, he had stooped and kissed me.

The next moment he had gone, and I was there alone, crying, though I did not in the least know why.

I never saw him again. For a long while I used to find myself looking for him in the face of every tall man I passed; but, as the months slipped away into years, I gave it up.

But I had never forgotten him—or his kiss! Sentimental nonsense, you say. Perhaps it was.

But as I stood at my bedroom window that January evening and looked at the moon and the scudding clouds it all came back to me, the most vivid memory of my life—vivid enough for me to have conjured up the pale, unhappy face, in response to Rupert's half-joking words: "Anybody would think there was somebody else in the question. . ."

A man whom I had seen but once in my life! A man whose name even I did not know!

It was cold upstairs, so I went down again and into the library.

I knelt there by the fire, staring into its red heart, but somehow I only thought of the moonlight outside, and the fresh, keen-air, and I felt suddenly as if I could not breathe unless I went out there.

I took a coat from the hall and slipped out without a hat.

The wind was keen and cutting, but it was like a tonic to me as I drew it deep down into my lungs.

Our house was just at the end of a long road that ultimately led on to the heath, and the breath of the open country and the pungent smell of dried twigs and decaying leaves seemed to have got into my lungs.

I walked down the dark road away from the lights and the houses.

An intoxicating sense of freedom filled my heart; I felt as if I could have walked on and on tireless and never stopping, till I walked right off the world into limitless space.

I was brought back to earth with a sudden rude shock, as a motor-car with bright headlights, swung round and drew up sharply beside me. I suppose the driver had seen me in the light of his lamps, for it was to me he spoke as he leaned a little forward from his seat.

"I beg your pardon—but can you tell me if this is the Hampstead road?"

I tried to answer, but something seemed to be holding my throat, choking back my breath, and the man, thinking I had not heard, repeated his question.

"Can you tell me if this is the Hampstead road?"

I leaned a little more forward as he spoke, and for a moment his face came into the light.

It was the man whom I had not seen since that night at my aunt's house—the night of the thunderstorm—six long years ago!

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## INVALIDED OUT

### CONCLUSION.

IT was late on Christmas night when Nicholas Stanford and Pauline got back to London.

The journey had been long and slow, but neither of them had noticed it.

Pauline laughed, then suddenly she sobered.

"Do you do you think I've treated Guy badly?" she asked.

"Certainly not," said Stanford quickly; he turned, looking down at her with a faint gleam of house.

"You're not still thinking of him?" he demanded—Pauline raised her head.

"I am! Of course, I am! And of Cynthia too!"

"You see," she said, with a little sigh. "Nobody seems to have got anything they wanted, except me and you."

"Life has to be like that," he told her. "We can't all have what we want. We're the lucky ones."

"But we've got so much—you and me," said Pauline ungrammatically.

"Have we, my sweetheart?"

"Well—haven't we?" she demanded.

"Everything in the world," he agreed.

The train was running into Euston; Pauline stood up and began gathering their various traps together.

"I don't suppose we'll be able to get a taxi," she said excitedly; "or, if we do, he'll charge pounds and pounds."

"Who cares!" Stanford laughed. "At the worst we can walk to the railway station; that night we walked back to Marley—or tried to!"

Pauline nodded.

"I was awfully afraid for you," she said seriously.

"Were you? There was only one thought in my mind," he answered, his eyes on her flushed face. "What was it?" she asked.

"How much I wanted to kiss you," he said.

Pauline dropped the parcels, which she was loaded all over the floor. Stanford laughed.

"You haven't forgotten that little habit, then," he said, stooping to gather them up again.

"Stupid!" said Pauline in pretended anger. He looked up in faint amazement.

"Why—" he began. Pauline made a little grimace at him.

I put them down so that—in case you would like to kiss me again before the train stops," she told him with dignity. "Only in case—of course, if you don't want to. . ."

Stanford flung away the parcels he had collected and held out his arms.

THE END.



# THE REMEMBERED KISS. BY — ? GRAND NEW SERIAL BEGINS TO-DAY.

## Daily Mirror

### NEW HONOUR

### BRIDE-TO-BE.



Col. Sir A. R. Holbrook, D.L., J.P., new Knight Commander O.B.E. He is the father of Lieut.-Comr. Holbrook, V.C., the submarine hero.



Esther, daughter of ex-President Cleveland, to marry Captain Bosanquet, Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Albert Bosanquet.

### SOLDIERS PRODUCE PANTOMIME.



Mrs. Twankey and other familiar characters.



The harlequin and columbine.

A pantomime entitled "A Kiddie's Dream" was given by officers, N.C.O.s and men at the Summerdown Convalescent Hospital, Eastbourne.

### WHY GERMANY MUST NOT HAVE EAST AFRICA.



This photograph, found on a captured Hun officer in East Africa, shows a party of natives, chained and under guard. The Germans say that East Africa is vital to them, and that they must regain it, but if the natives were allowed to make their choice no "blond beast" would ever set foot in their land again.

### V.C.s AT THE INVESTITURE—YOUNG NAVAL HERO DECORATED.



Sub-Lieutenant Donald Gyles, the hero of the Channel scrap.



Captain C. S. Wills, created C.M.G.



Captain D. Petre, awarded D.S.O.



Captain William Mason, of the Merchant Service, awarded D.S.O.



Matron MacIntyre received the R.R.C.



Corporal Day, V.C., displayed his medal after leaving the Palace.



Corporal Peel, V.C., outside the Palace.

Among those decorated by the King at yesterday's Investiture was Sub-Lieutenant Gyles, of H.M.S. Broke, who as a "middy" played such a gallant part in the destroyer action in the Channel. He received the D.S.O.